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NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 6, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Spies: France Nets Some Small Fry

PHILIPPE RAGUENEAU

Of Max Beerbohm's Future

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

Notes from the Gulf Coast

JAMES BURNHAM

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · FREDA UTLEY

CHESLY MANLY · WILLMOORE KENDALL · WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

FRANK S. MEYER · BELLA V. DODD · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Expanded Defense Investigation

Defense Secretary Wilson's promise of a "thorough investigation" of interservice rivalries failed to avert long-threatened congressional investigation of the bitter feuding in the Department. Both the Senate Military Appropriations Subcommittee, headed by Dennis Chavez, Democrat of New Mexico, and Senator Symington's subcommittee on airpower, plan to take up the investigation where Secretary Wilson leaves off. The Democrats have not forgotten General Eisenhower's attack on the Truman Administration in 1952 for its failure to prevent interservice strife.

Right to Work

The Supreme Court decision ruling that the state "right to work" laws cannot ban the union shop in the railway field has the corollary effect of sustaining state jurisdiction in other fields of employment. The decision left intact the power of a state to ban union shops in other industries in the absence of an overriding federal law. It came as a shock to Labor leaders who had hoped that a "Labor-minded Court" would take the opportunity to invalidate the "right to work" laws operative in eighteen states and under consideration in many others.

"Divergent Movements"

Not since the recession of 1954 have so many segments of business shown reduction in output and decline in new orders. Arthur Burns, chief economic adviser of the Eisenhower Administration, believes that prospects for the future are reasonably good but warns that "divergent movements" are going on below the surface. Dr. Burns sees wide price discrepancies causing a "cost-price squeeze" in agriculture, home construction, auto and farm equipment, and in some branches of the textile and appliance industries.

Variable Prosperity

With 150,000 unemployed in the Detroit automotive area alone, the slowdown in car production is causing secondary dislocations all over the country. New and used-car dealers in almost all communities report declining sales and greater consumer resistance. The automobile industry is the biggest user of steel and rubber, and second only to building in the use of glass. The demand for copper, zinc, lead, aluminum, cotton and paint is also affected by the decline in automobile sales.

Battle of Wisconsin

Senator Wiley of Wisconsin seems to be in trouble in his bid for re-election despite accusations leveled against his principal opponent, Mark Catlin, Jr., Speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly. Catlin has categorically denied a charge of having accepted money for using political influence to obtain the release of inmates of the state penitentiary. None of his alleged "clients" has been released, and there are rumors that the accusation was timed to break shortly before the GOP state convention. The Convention endorses a candidate, but usually the other contenders run independently in the September primary. Wiley has been under heavy fire for his internationalist voting record, and his supporters fear the possibility of a boomerang in the Catlin matter.

"Frankenstein Threat"

Six Democrats and a Virginia Republican characterized the Administration's Civil Rights bill as a "Frankenstein threat" to the principle of states' rights, in a minority report of the House Judiciary Committee last week. The bill, approved by the full committee, calls for: a bipartisan Presidential committee to study civil rights problems; creation of a civil rights division in the Justice Department, and facilities to broaden civil rights actions in the federal courts. Prospects of enactment by this Congress are virtually nil.

Harriman's Stock Up

Reporters who have been traveling over the country in recent weeks agree that the Harriman "boom" is making progress with the "pros" from the courthouse to the statehouse level. The grapevine assurance that Harry Truman wants "Honest Ave" partially explains the accelerating trend toward Governor Harriman.

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

EDITORS

James Burnham Willmoore Kendall
Suzanne La Follette
Jonathan Mitchell William S. Schlamm

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES AND CONTRIBUTORS

L. Brent Bozell, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, Frank S. Meyer, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Morrie Ryskind, Freda Utley, Richard M. Weaver, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

Geneva: Wilhelm Roepke
London: F. A. Voigt *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Theodore A. Driscoll

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The WEEK

● The current farm bill is an improvement over the bill Mr. Eisenhower recently vetoed, in that it allows for flexible parity payments. It is an improvement on the bill Mr. Eisenhower recommended, in that it does not turn over to him a half billion dollars to distribute immediately to farmers who contemplate future participation in the soil bank program. All in all, it is a compromise measure, but based on the doctrine of special aid to powerful voting blocks.

● Premier Khrushchev's toast to Arab nationalism, which grievously affronted the French, appears to have been a demonstration of power, intended to serve a disciplinary purpose. It is the intention of the Soviet Union to remind Premier Guy Mollet from time to time that his government owes its life to the continuing support of one hundred and fifty Communist votes in the French Assembly.

● Adlai Stevenson is learning, as his victory in Oregon indicates, but Estes Kefauver still has much to teach him. When the two appeared together on television in Florida, Stevenson took a routine swipe at "government on behalf of big business." Kefauver, by contrast, nailed the point down. Because of mergers by large corporations, he proclaimed, "more and more" of the nation's wealth is finding its way "into the hands of the few." We must, therefore, prohibit mergers by law.

● Jacob Potofsky's address to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' convention illustrates the lengths to which the Left is willing to go to attack Richard Nixon, and the nature of the attack. Mr. Potofsky assailed Nixon through the device of asking his audience rhetorical questions. If Nixon succeeds to the Presidency, he asked, "what do you suppose would become of our heritage of individual freedom and political morality?" And what, he inquired further, "would become of our principles of tolerance and progress?"

● Senator Karl Mundt, co-sponsor of a recently defeated electoral reform measure, has introduced a new and simplified version of that proposal. It will, he believes, meet the objections of many Senators "who sincerely wanted electoral reform" but disapproved of certain features of the earlier version. Under the new plan, two of a state's Presidential electors will be chosen by a statewide popular vote, just as United States Senators are chosen now. The

remaining electors will be returned by single-member election districts established by the state legislature. These districts, once defined, will be unalterable until another census has been taken. Senator Mundt is correct in maintaining that his constitutional amendment would "equalize the weight, importance and effect of each ballot of each voter." Under it, "no state would be pivotal, no state unimportant."

● The Immunity Act, having at last received tacit sanction from the courts, was used last week to require testimony of William Ludwig Ullman, former Treasury official whom Elizabeth Bentley linked with Soviet espionage in wartime Washington. Obliged by the Supreme Court to choose between six months in jail and speaking out about his past, Ullman appeared before the New York Grand Jury he had defied a year ago, and began to answer questions.

● The District of Columbia Court of Appeals has removed a threat to the investigating powers of congressional committees. Overruling some of its own members who had recently found otherwise, it reasserted the right of the House Committee on Un-American Activities to ask labor organizer John Watkins about the people he had known while working with the Communist Party; declared relevant to the Committee's purpose the exposure of such individuals; and upheld the contempt citation against Watkins for refusing to answer the Committee's questions.

● The American Bar Association has proposed that Congress establish a watchdog committee to police the "fourth branch" of the government, those administrative agencies, commissions and offices to which Congress has at one time or another delegated authority. The House Rules Committee will conduct hearings on the proposal at an early date. The Committee will inquire whether the seventy or more administrative agencies in question frequently exercise legislative power.

● Thanks to "high civilian officials," Harold Stassen among them, forty-five, rather than the originally planned 216 B-47's, maneuvered over Washington on Armed Forces Day. The reason was the presence, in Washington, of Indonesian Premier Sukarno, who might have deemed an exhibition on the larger scale overly martial. It is questionable if this sleight-of-hand with 171 airplanes will divert Mr. Sukarno's attention from the fact that the United States has strategic interests in Asia it proposes to protect through the force of arms, if necessary.

● Syngman Rhee will be president of the Republic of Korea for another four years, having won against the opposition party by the narrow margin of 52 per cent. That is the kind of victorious margin characteristic in countries where elections are free, as they are, and have been in Korea for many years, notwithstanding the efforts of the Institute of Pacific Relations to persuade us otherwise. The contest was ideologically uninteresting, for both major parties are anti-Communist and anti-socialist.

● The British Communist Party is redoubling its efforts to capture control of strategic labor unions. The Communists now control the powerful Electrical and Foundry unions, and have launched a drive to win control of the mineworkers and engineering unions. Should the drive succeed, the British Communists would, in the opinion of responsible Labor leaders, exercise a political leverage equivalent to fifty seats in the House of Commons.

● Motion pictures portraying "primitive aspects of life" in Africa are regarded by Premier Jawaharlal Nehru's government as "disparaging," and henceforward will be banned for public exhibition. Among the American and British films prohibited because they show jungles, straw-thatched villages, and natives (not Hollywood extras) dancing to the primitive rhythm of the tom-tom, are *The Snows of Kilimanjaro, Mogambo* and *The African Queen.*

● The Hungarian and Rumanian Peace Treaties of 1947 committed the Soviet Union to withdraw its troops from those countries within ninety days of the conclusion of a peace treaty with Austria. Senator William Jenner has now urged the State Department to call on the Communists to observe their agreement, the Austrian treaty having been signed ten months ago.

● A timely warning against taking the Soviet anti-Stalin campaign at face value has been issued by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The document is called *The Great Pretense,* and was prepared for the Committee by thirty-nine students of Soviet affairs, among them Anthony Bouscaren, Louis Budenz, William Bullitt, James Burnham, William Henry Chamberlin, Whittaker Chambers, Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons and Gerhart Niemeyer. The writers join in regarding the new policy as infinitely dangerous.

● Two thousand five hundred and seventy-eight officers and enlisted men, among them two brigadier generals, are to be reassigned or discharged before the first of July: The Defense Department has bowed to congressional critics who recently remarked the fact that the armed services retain more veterinarians than animals.

Foreign Aid and Statism

A powerful, persistent campaign on the subject of foreign aid is now under way. The purpose is not so much to influence Congress in connection with this year's foreign-aid bill as to impose upon public opinion a "doctrine" of foreign aid that will dictate policy for the years and decades to come.

This doctrine is nonpartisan. We find it in recent declarations by Dean Acheson as well as Paul Hoffman; by the *Washington Post* and *Time-Life;* by Chester Bowles and John Sherman Cooper. MIT's Center for International Studies has just circulated throughout the government a 104-page document on foreign aid, which, though more sober in its proposals than the giveaway fanatics, is based upon the new principles. They appear in extreme form in a Bowles article published by the *New York Times* Magazine and in Henry Wallace's confession of faith in President Eisenhower, published by *Life.*

This foreign-aid doctrine begins with a semantic assumption: namely, that "foreign aid" means "government aid"—aid given by a *government* (specifically, by *our* government) to some other *government.*

The doctrine then continues with the following propositions: a) it is a standing duty of the United States Government to give foreign aid, particularly to underdeveloped nations; b) such aid should not be subject to political or military conditions; c) the aid should be given on long-term commitment not open to recall.

There is little attempt to prove these three extraordinary injunctions. Why does the U.S. Government have a duty to give aid? No one has explained. It is presumably a deduction from some vague altruistic sentiment. As for the suggestion that aid be given unconditionally, that principle, carried out logically, would justify aid without reference to anti-American policies or even to the probability of a nation's lining up on the enemy's side in a possible war. An irrevocable long-term commitment excludes reconsideration of a project even if it were perverted to aims the contrary of those for which aid was originally granted.

But we find still more interesting the semantic assumption that foreign aid means government aid.

Historically speaking, there is nothing new about foreign aid. Tribes, cities, nations or empires that have been relatively advanced economically have for centuries sent aid, in one form or another, to regions that were less developed. So the citizens of Athens did to Sicily and the shores of Southern Italy, France and Spain; so the Phoenicians, to Carthage; so the Chinese, to Korea and Japan; so the English, French, Spaniards, Portuguese and Dutch, to America, Asia, Africa and Australasia; so the citizens of the United States to Canada, Latin America and the Middle East; and so, indeed, the Russians to Siberia, and now to China.

They sent foreign aid for reasons that seemed to them good and sufficient, usually for material gain or power or excitement, sometimes as charity. The net result was to clear fields, build cities, construct factories, open up transport; in short, to raise the material and technological level in the less developed areas.

"Imperialism" also is a form of foreign aid which, though in some cases shamefully abused, has much solid accomplishment on its balance sheet. The United States, Canada and Australia are, after all, offshoots of imperialism. So are the railroads, roads, water systems, telegraphs, mills and mines, technical knowledge, hospitals and universities of, say, India. There are few material improvements in Iran that are not "aid" from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company; or in Costa Rica and Guatemala, that did not come from the United Fruit Company.

NATIONAL REVIEW is a strong supporter of foreign aid; and we agree with Liberals that foreign aid, from whatever source, should not be used to injure and grossly exploit an underdeveloped people. But we hold that the best and most productive foreign aid is that supplied by the resources, skills, ambitions and charity of private individuals. The proper function of governments in relation to foreign aid, generally speaking, is to assure political conditions under which private foreign aid can be given and received with confidence and mutual benefit.

The basic evil of the new foreign-aid doctrine is

"To all who are struggling for national independence"—KHRUSHCHEV, May 18, 1956

the assumption that aid must be from and by the government. This is the assumption (see NATIONAL REVIEW, Dec. 7, 1955) of the United Nations. Official U.S. policy, though equivocal, has in late years—under both Democrats and Republicans—come close to accepting it.

The present "foreign aid" campaign, under this assumption and its accompanying doctrine, is in reality part of our century's sweep toward collectivism. The "foreign aid" proposals are triply statist: aid is to be given by our government, not by private citizens; the activities of our government are thereby swelled, while a permanent body of bureaucrats, with a vested interest in permanent aid programs, is added to the apparatus of the state; and the aid goes, for the most part, not to private citizens of underdeveloped regions but to *their* governments, thus contributing to the general increase of statism in the world as a whole; and that we oppose.

Showing One's Hand

Comrade D. Zaslavski (the Christian name is not written out, the cult of personalism having been liquidated) has addressed himself in *Pravda* to an affront on morality and peace perpetrated by an associate of NATIONAL REVIEW, Professor Gerhart Niemeyer. Comrade Zaslavski's reprimand is worth quoting. It is the most impudently frank revelation we have seen of the current Soviet line.

Professor Niemeyer had written for *U.S. News & World Report* (a magazine that "wildly hates the Soviet Union") an "Inquiry Into Soviet Rationality," in which he analyzed Communist traits of mind and exposed the sharp teeth behind the smile of the Soviet bear.

Mr. Zaslavski began by explicitly refusing to "polemize with Professor Niemeyer." (That was a cautious decision, as anyone who has ever polemized with Mr. Niemeyer will attest.) Anyway, Niemeyer "is not original at all," everything he wrote having been "written before by Hitlerite professors and writers." All "speculations about the impossibility of an understanding between the socialist and capitalist worlds . . . [are] pure nonsense. We believe in the rationality of peoples. We believe that they will not be misled by Messrs. Niemeyers. We do not expect an agreement between the bourgeois and the socialist world on questions of economics, politics, and philosophy. This is impossible and unnecessary. Peaceful co-existence requires understanding and agreement on definitely very important questions—first of all on the question of preserving peace . . .

"The most far-looking organs of the bourgeois press cannot ignore the fact that the peoples desire peace. This desire is so commanding and has such moral and political power that it can hardly be resisted. Under such circumstances, what are Professor Niemeyer and his followers to do? . . . *The press which goes against the people and fans the 'cold war' . . . will inevitably lose people's confidence. It may be read, but it is also despised."*

There, if anybody is interested, is the sum and substance of the Soviet program to immobilize Western resistance. It is a program that, the Communists gloat, "can hardly be resisted."

The Judgment of Fadeyev

Alexander Fadeyev, author of *The Nineteen* and *The Young Guard*, was the Soviet Union's most honored novelist. Although a disciplined Communist, he was also an artist, and this brought him into occasional difficulties with the regime. The Party censorship, for example, forced him to abandon the first version of *The Young Guard* because it had pictured the Young Communists during the war as more heroic than the adult Party members.

Nevertheless, because of his talent, his political skill, and his international as well as local reputation, Fadeyev was for many years secretary of the Soviet Writers Union. Twice he was awarded the Order of Lenin.

In 1949 and 1950 Fadeyev became well known in Europe and this country when, with the composer Dmitri Shostakovich, he headed the Soviet "peace delegations" that attended conferences in Paris, Vienna, New York and other Western capitals. The New York conference, held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, became something of a *cause célèbre* when the State Department condemned it as a Communist front and a group of anti-Communist American writers and artists staged a counter-conference.

Alexander Fadeyev, at the age of 55, has just given his verdict on the meaning of the great Soviet experiment. On May 13, he committed suicide.

The Last Say

Mr. James Byrnes did indeed say in his article in *U.S. News & World Report* that "the Supreme Court Must Be Curbed," that the Court, in its desegregation decision, amended the Constitution. He did indeed "attack" the Supreme Court—both by taking issue with it on the desegregation decision, and by challenging its constitutional propriety. He did indeed say that "power intoxicates men," and he was in fact looking right at the present members of the Court when he said it.

Mr. Byrnes did *not*, however, assert—either direct-

ly or by implication—the view attributed to him by various of his critics, namely that the *powers* of the Supreme Court ought to be reduced.

A great deal of foolishness is being talked, these days, about the status of Supreme Court decisions in our constitutional system. The Court has the "last say" in that system, as to the meaning of the Constitution, only in the sense that its reading, *for the moment and within the strict letter of that reading,* is binding on the courts of the United States. That sense apart, there *is* no "last say" in our system, save that of the American people themselves speaking through the amendment process. The other two coordinate branches of government, and the states as well, are always entitled to use the powers they themselves enjoy under the Constitution with a view to unsaying the Court's say, and remedying a state of affairs created by it. And they are not guilty of disrespect for the Constitution, or defiance of the Court, when they move to do so.

What Mr. Byrnes wants in the matter of segregation is, of course, remedial action—by the states in the first instance, and if that doesn't work, then by constitutional amendment, or congressional resolution. And he is well within the rules of our constitutional game when he seeks to rally support for such action.

Like Thomas, Like Powell?

In 1949, Representative J. Parnell Thomas, Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, having been convicted of extorting kickbacks from his employees, went off to jail. From the moment Drew Pearson charged misconduct, the investigation of Thomas was pressed, as a matter, more or less, of bipartisan concern to the nation.

Recently, in the trial of Mrs. Hattie Dodson for income tax evasion, a witness testified under oath that her employer, Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., has been appropriating the major part of her government salary.

As for Mrs. Dodson, it appears that she has for several years been working both as congressional secretary to Mr. Powell and as the business secretary for the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem—of which Powell is pastor—and has been filing two income tax returns under separate names. Under the persistent interrogation, it became clear that Mrs. Dodson did not have her heart in her Washington job. In fact, she could not describe a single specific duty which, as Powell's congressional secretary, it was up to her to perform; nor was she able to give the name of a single constituent with whom she had dealt. And on top of it all, she had neglected to tell her husband (and co-employee of the Abyssinian Baptist Church) that she was holding down another full-time job. Mrs. Dodson was perplexed about how she had disposed of her government salary ($5,200 a year). First she testified to having spent every penny of it; later she recalled having tucked away some $9,000 in a safety deposit box—to surprise her husband.

Mrs. Dodson's lawyer, faced with exasperating difficulties, charged the government with plotting "to send [Mrs. Dodson] to jail so they can brainwash her every day and beat her down to get her to give them information against Mr. Powell." Information as to Mr. Powell's employment policies should indeed be gathered, as all who pressed for a relentless investigation of J. Parnell Thomas would surely agree.

The Persistent Mr. Barron

State Department officials are finding that Bryton Barron, the original compiler of the Yalta papers, can be as much of a problem outside the Department as in. (See NATIONAL REVIEW's "The Historical Blackout in the State Department," March 14).

Mr. Barron charges that there is a conspiracy among holdover officials of the Acheson-Truman era to censor, distort and if possible suppress the true story of the wartime diplomatic conferences of the late President Roosevelt. These charges have sparked an investigation by the House Appropriations Committee.

Now Barron, who was forced to retire from the State Department last fall, asks for a public ventilation of his charges, a confrontation which would make it impossible for the State Department to discount them by "smear tactics." Mr. Barron will also insist, of course, that the State Department witnesses testify under oath.

We have met Mr. Barron (he is mild-mannered, bespectacled, modest in appearance, and his resolution is rock-like), and we doubt if the Department is a match for him.

The Liberal Press

(Department of Intellection)

"Even those who feel with the most acute discomfort that Nixon is utterly alien, a Martian character, at the same time know in their bones that a very large number of fellow Americans think he is real. He creates a cleavage among Americans that is particularly striking, since both the attraction and the revulsion that emanate from him do not lend themselves easily to reasoned, documented arguments." (*The Reporter,* May 17)

Notes from the Gulf Coast

JAMES BURNHAM

After the azaleas have finished their spring blossoming, the prettiest things to see on the flat land between Pensacola and New Orleans are the newly leaved pecan groves. The large, open trees with their light-gray bark have an elegance like art, a spatial rhythm as if Poussin or Cézanne had pruned their branches. Often, half a dozen trees are pleasantly grouped around a small farm house, but an expansion of scale adds grandeur to charm.

On the point of Alabama that makes one side of Mobile Bay, the pecan trees, planted forty feet apart, are grown in exact rows that form great squares of fifty or sixty acres. The dappled sunlight, dropping through the fresh leaves, fills the space under the high branches with a green-gold shadow-cooled glow. From the ground between the rows of trees, shoots of corn or oats thrust out, or thick green field grass.

Back among the trees you are likely to see fifty or a hundred head of grazing cattle: white-faced Herefords, sometimes; cross-bred Brahmas with their curious hump; or, most handsome of all against that vibrant setting, hard black Angus.

These fat animals are an accurate enough symbol of the changed and changing South. A generation ago no one conceived of the South as "cattle country." Now the major weight of the cattle-raising industry is shifting into these rich Southern fields where two acres instead of thirty can feed a head of stock. And the millions of animals mean also slaughterhouses, processing plants, by-products of leather and fertilizer and drugs, long trains rolling over the railroads, loans and deposits at the banks.

At its focal points, the boom in the South assaults you, but with a qualitative paradox: in cities like Mobile and New Orleans the push of a frontier town is linked to the tranquility of old, tradition-bound communities. But the boom is inescapably present. The pulp mills at Panama City, Pensacola and Mobile gulp ten cords of wood at a mouthful, and belch their sulphurous, chlorinated smoke. Along the Mississippi banks at New Orleans —now the country's second port— none of the hundreds of ships and barges seems to be at rest. Each is moving up or down stream, loading or unloading at the miles of wharves, pushing into the canal to the inland waterway, getting scraped and painted at floating drydocks.

As the wharves thin out, the banks are spread with new marks of the boom: the refineries of Texas Company and Gulf Oil, cracking oil from nearby wells; the enormous new grain elevators; the Johns Manville plant making wallboard out of bagasse, the refuse of the local sugar mills; the Glidden paint works—all of them, like the whole city, operating without smoke because they draw their heat and power from cheap natural gas piped from nearby wells.

The Southern Way

In some factories Negroes work alongside whites. In some big stores there are both Negro and white customers. In the gulf region, these small offshoots of economic imperatives, both of which date from some time back, are about the present limits of "integration." The Supreme Court decisions of the past two years have as yet had no practical effect, though they are a cloud that everyone sees. You hear the usual arguments—on these matters there is really nothing new to say, on any side.

The Alabama and Florida primary campaigns were swinging hard. TV, which when it switches off the networks can be so much more local than radio or newspapers, introduced us to the candidates. To the skeptical Northerner, "the Southern way of life" about which all of them talked is likely to mean the preservation of the Negro status as a subject class, and nothing much more. Certainly it does mean racial segregation; but it is a materialist reduction to think it that only.

Those Southern candidates quoted the Bible without text or teleprompter, and meant every word of it. When one of them talked of "a crusade" in which he had persisted because "he felt the Savior's hand on his shoulder guiding him every step of the way," it was plain that he spoke from the heart, with no coaching from Madison Avenue. They believe in a fundamental God, both the Catholics with French and Spanish roots and the Bible-formed Protestants of those regions.

They believe also in the Constitution of the United States, believe in it passionately, according to their lights (which are by some years pre-neon, of course). All of them—not merely the lawyers and politicians but the barbers and storekeepers—follow with understanding and intensity the subtle constitutional arguments over nullification and interposition and usurpation.

Their patriotism is old-fashioned. They don't apologize for flag-waving. They are delighted and proud that the Navy and Air Force have covered their counties with training fields, and they boast that they have university ROTC's with more cadets in their ranks than West Point.

And they are more personal (for good and ill) in their human relations, more directed toward the individual human being. This personalism lies back of the Southern claim that they "understand" the Negroes, and the Negroes them, in a way inaccessible to Northerners. At least this much of the claim is true: Northern whites think of Negroes as *a class* to whom certain abstract rights are, by virtue of certain abstract principles, due. Southern whites and Negroes are more likely to know each other as individually existing men and women.

A Momentary Generalization

The South seems to be just now at an unstable and dramatic intersection. It feels the surge of an extraordinary industrial advance, the usual effect of which is to wipe out the status structure and traditional ways of slower societies. But for the moment the South—partly because of the very speed of the advance, partly because of special circumstances in its own past—preserves many elements of "a way of life" normally correlated with a less developed economy.

Sociologists call such a phenom-

enon "cultural lag," with the implicit prediction that the economic and material change must inevitably, in the end, bring about a corresponding cultural change: bring the way of life up-to-date, as it were. Maybe so. But for the moment the South has at one and the same time a dynamic self-confidence derived from its expanding material power along with a still continuing adherence to a way of life that is less regimented and less egalitarian, more formal, religious, traditional, patriotic and prejudiced than that of the rest of the country.

Perhaps in our flowing mass society integration is indeed inevitable—not only integration of Negroes with whites, but of rich with poor, Jews with Gentiles, and of the South with the rest of the nation. But it is not yet accomplished. Meanwhile the South may show us a few displays of its interim combination of ancestral prejudice with new-found power.

In this particular year the demonstration may well be given over the Presidential election. The commentators have perhaps been too quick to interpret Johnson's victory in Texas as a triumph of moderate Democratic Party loyalists. It can be seen also as a shrewd tactical move to solidify Southern forces behind men untainted by the kind of Party renegacy that has always been resented in American politics.

At the Democratic Convention, the South will refuse, I think, to accept any such candidate as Harriman or Kefauver, or any all-out integration plank. The South will insist on a moderate (i.e., equivocal) platform and ticket, perhaps with a Vice-Presidential candidate favorable to "the Southern view."

If these demands are altogether rejected, then it is probable that the South will walk out. Ideally, the South would then wish to run a ticket of its own, with the aim of throwing the election into the House of Representatives. A separate ticket may not be feasible so late in the election year, but the South would in any case, I think, make the record.

The South will then have a four-year chance to form the coalition with the West that would at last permit a genuine challenge to the Northeastern dictatorship that has for so long ruled the nation.

Strange White House Visitor

BELLA V. DODD

What sort of man is Sukarno, our latest visitor from the world of the uncommitted?

Well, from 1942 to 1945, the years of the Japanese occupation in his neck of the woods, he made himself useful to the Japanese—in the capacity (according to Louis B. Wehle, former head of the United States Foreign Economic Administration Mission to the Netherlands) of "chief radio blarer" for Japan's Asian Co-prosperity Sphere.

In August 1945, Wehle goes on to say, Japan "planted Sukarno and Hatta on the native population as President and Vice President (without election) of a new 'Indonesian Republic,' with immense stores of Japanese arms and ammunition. Straightway those two leaders formed a 'cabinet' in which known Communists had key posts and the actual military power with their big hammer-and-sickle terror organization solidly behind them."

By 1949 the United States had good reason to wish someone else had become President of the new republic. For in that year S. Burton Heath, Pulitzer Prize winner and NEA Staff Correspondent, was able to write from the Far East as follows: "Having lost China, we have now given Moscow the opportunity for which she has been waiting and working, to move into Indonesia, an area that might prove the key to a major war in the Pacific."

He and fourteen other journalists—among them H. R. Knickerbocker—who visited Indonesia at the time were killed in a Bombay plane; an accident which benefited the Communist cause.

"United Nations interference in the Dutch East Indies," Knickerbocker had just said in a broadcast, "has gravely increased the danger of Communism here and has promoted the interests of the Soviet Union . . . The new Indonesian state will be recognized instantly by the Soviet Union, and to its sovereign capital the Kremlin will send a mission complete with several hundred cultural attachés. They will spread their culture, and before Mr. Jessup can finish composing his memoir on Indonesian Independence, the Kremlin will show him why the Russians want to hurry the Dutch out of the Indies."

Things have gone in Indonesia much as these American newsmen expected them to. And yet, seven years later, a Ford Foundation project, headed by a protégé of Owen Lattimore, is awarded to Sukarnoland. John Foster Dulles is saying (March 14, 1956) that Indonesia is heading for nationhood "in much the same manner as did the United States."

And Sukarno, former tool of Japanese imperialism and collaborator of Communism, levies war upon the South Moluccans—with arms that he received from the Japanese, the Communists, the Dutch and, if you please, the United States. A small matter? Perhaps; but the Republic of the South Moluccas comprises the Spice Islands, and thus is the stronghold of Christianity in the South Pacific. And, for another thing, it was steadfastly loyal to the Allies, in World War Two, against the Japanese.

The Moluccans have valiantly resisted Sukarno's troops; and, probably, in view of their war record, have expected us to wish them well. Perhaps we do—in our hearts at least.

But, oddly, a U.S. President's widow visited the South Pacific last year and was quoted as follows: "Your government has made a grave mistake in allowing Catholics and Protestants to Bali; for the latter are trying to make the people fanatic—a characteristic that has always been the cause of wars and strife." And she added (so said the local papers, anyway) that China now has its first just government—which "sincerely tries to educate the Chinese people."

Sukarno is feted at the White House, speaks before Congress, and makes a triumphal tour of the United States. And no one asks why his guns and planes are shooting down Christians in the South Moluccas. Does Mr. Dulles perhaps believe that Sukarno and his Communists are giving the Indonesians the first just government they have ever had?

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

At the Old Stand

Contemporary American Liberalism, we were learning a couple of weeks ago from—of all people—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is

—irrelevant (the "issues of 1956 are not the issues of 1933");

—without a program or "philosophy capable of meeting the challenge of a new era";

—"stamped" with the conviction that "every advance toward a more decent social order" will be opposed by the business community; and

—too much preoccupied with "poverty and reaction," which have "receded from the forefront of our national life."

Contemporary Liberalism must, therefore, make way for a "new liberalism," which the new Schlesinger defines and explains as follows:

> It will be, by contrast with the old, *"qualitative,"* that is, "dedicated to bettering the quality of people's lives and opportunities" (the old Liberalism, because it was concerned with the problems of "want and privation," was *"quantitative"*).
>
> It will take as its point of departure the fact that "the richer we grow, the more tense, insecure, and unhappy we seem to become"; it will, accordingly, attack head-on the "miseries of an age of abundance."
>
> It will (unlike the old Liberalism, perhaps?) concern itself with the fight for "individual dignity, identity, and fulfillment in a mass society."
>
> It will keep its fingers crossed about the business community; it will recognize that "the old anti-business exhortations" no longer apply; but it will remember that when bad times return the business "conscience" may be the first thing to go ("as it was in 1929").
>
> It will insist that government by a single interest—even, this columnist gathers, *even* if that interest is Labor—is "bad"; it will, accordingly, develop a "positive philosophy of *the public interest,* to be asserted *against the parochial interests of any special group.*"

So far, so good—except for the ambivalence about the business community, which clearly Mr. Schlesinger doesn't know how to resolve. The new Liberalism does have the hard core of a *philosophy*; and, since it has cribbed it right out of Aristotle and the great tradition of the classical politics, a pretty good one, which some of us have been trying to teach to the Liberals for a long time. But Schlesinger spoils everything by giving the new Liberalism the hard core of a *program,* too.

The new Liberalism, we must notice first, has more, and more interesting, similarities with the old than its philosophy might seem to suggest.

—It cannot be "complacent" about the four million American families who live on less than $2,000 a year, or the depressed areas, or our "ugly splotches of grinding rural poverty"—all of which, of course, is back over there on the quantitative side.

—It does not, because "qualitative," cease to be recognizably quantitative on the "how-much-does-it-cost?" side; like the old Liberalism, he concedes, it will "require taxation and spending," and will be neither cheap nor painless; and "almost as much" as the old Liberalism, it "will require government initiative."

—It turns out, on its recognizably qualitative side, to call for nothing less than the "bettering of our mass media" (by government initiative, perhaps?), the "elevation of our popular culture" (by *more* government initiative, perhaps?), "equal rights for minorities" (by federal regulation, perhaps?), "and restoration of the Bill of Rights to its central position in our theory of society" (by—you guessed it—ceasing to frighten ourselves to death over Communists in our midst).

—It has its quantitative slip showing especially when it speaks of public finance: "Each new $10 billion of national income should produce about $3 billion of new revenue. The issue is whether those gains of economic progress should be invested in the welfare of a few [that is, left to fructify in the pockets of those who earned them] or in the general welfare [that is, the welfare of those who did not earn them]."

—It proves to have the same animus as the old about the mainspring of capitalism: "So long as we refuse to assert the general welfare against the false notion that the unlimited pursuit of profit will guarantee the general welfare, we can expect that, while we privately grow richer, our nation will grow in proportion poorer."

What the new Liberalism is worried about, in a word, is all those funds that silt up *automatically* in the Treasury as a result of our redistributive taxation; *and* the possibility of increasing these funds by redistributing even more; *and* the need of thinking up things that these funds can be spent on as they accrue; *and* the need of identifying people who can be rallied in support of those things. For the "unlimited pursuit of profit" is merely new-Liberal double-talk for the *successful* pursuit of profit; and the reference to the "false notion" that such purusit will "guarantee the general welfare" is merely new-Liberal longhand for the urgent need of soaking the rich.

The central idea, then, is the manufacture of "discontent" via directing the attention of the many to their potential gains from public projects that the few can be made to pay for. As we get richer, Schlesinger moans,

> our schools become more dilapidated, our teachers more weary and underpaid, our playgrounds more crowded, our cities dirtier, our roads more teeming and filthy, our national parks more unkempt, our law enforcement more overworked and inadequate.

All of which, be it noted, seems to call, without much emphasis on quality, for mobilizing behind an "improvements" program, to be paid for out of public funds, as many of the "many" as you can while leaving a "few" numerous enough to foot the bill. In other words, for municipal socialism, German-style, bumped up to the level of the nation. And for not less but more pitting of class against class than even the old Liberalism went in for.

Of Max Beerbohm's Future

To regard Max Beerbohm's work as merely charming, witty and urbane, is to fail utterly to appreciate its civilized and civilizing quality

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

To most Americans, the news of Sir Max Beerbohm's passing at the age of nearly eighty-four probably came as a mild shock—"mild," because to most of us he was never much more than a name out of *The Yellow Book* or the yellower nineties; a "shock," because most of us, if asked whether he was still living, would in all likelihood have replied, "I think he died some years ago."

But to me, and many of my friends, the mere thought of Max's having to leave us one of these days has for some time been casting a very real and very present shadow over our musings on today's world. Max (I dislike the jauntily familiar form of address as much as the next person; I am only trying to avoid "Beerbohm" and "Sir Max," both of which sound "wrong") was something altogether other than a link of sorts between late nineteenth-century decadence and mid-twentieth-century barbarism. He came much closer to being a bridge between the civilization of the eighteenth century and the civilization of a not, I trust, too distant future.

All too long, Max has been looked upon (and not infrequently looked down upon) as the last of the literary dandies; as the last simon-pure esthete; as the admittedly "incomparable" but none too substantial purveyor of bright chit-chat and beautifully elaborated nothings. In an age like ours, it is hardly surprising that a truly civilized and civilizing artist like Max should be so sadly misunderstood when not almost completely neglected. A few critics, most notably among them Christopher Morley, have penetrated to the heart of Max's greatness. But with a few exceptions, even our most enlightened and discerning minds have failed utterly to appreciate the essence of his gift to a world floundering in its unbelievably conceited confusion.

To put it bluntly, Max was one of the last authentic "carriers" of civilization. It is unjust to him, and it could be costly to us, to see Max, as so many persist in doing, merely as one of the most delightful and charming ornaments of a rather grim and prosaic world; only as a brilliant, witty, and urbane anachronism, serving (at least) to remind us of the brittle, all-too-precious glories of a long-dead past that no one in his right mind would care to bring back even though it were to be had for the whistling.

After Chesterton, Max did more—in his own way—to keep those oft-referred-to lights of Europe from going out than any other artist of the last sixty years. And he performed this mission in his God-intended role as artist, never as preacher, propagandist, or politician. "All delicate spirits," he once observed, "to whatever art they turn, even if they turn to no art, assume an oblique attitude towards life." And what Max went on to say of George Brummell might very revealingly be said of the sayer: "Like the single-minded artist that he was, he turned full and square towards his art and looked life straight in the face out of the corners of his eyes."

Sir Max Beerbohm, by W. Rothenstein

Max's devoted readers today can probably be counted in the hundreds. But as time goes on, and the general situation perhaps worsens, he will, I have no doubt, gain thousands of youthful admirers who, out of the corners of their fresh young eyes will cast their knowing, sidelong glances at his shimmering, ever-wise, ever-fresh "obliquenesses."

Works that Will Live

Zuleika Dobson, like Oxford itself, still stands, lacking only one thing "that a regular novel has, and that is dullness." The *Works* and *More* will be cherished as long as the English language resists the ravages of semantics, Basic and the Communicators. The priceless drawings and caricatures will still be relished long after the subjects of so many of them are no longer considered even footnote-worthy. Scores of Yuletides will come and go ere the perfect parodies of *A Christmas Garland* pass into the limbo where so many of its subjects have been resting these many years. There are pieces in *And Even Now*, such as "No. 2. The Pines," "The Golden Drugget," and "Laughter," that will be read and reread as long as essays are read.

And the other volumes—*Seven Men, Yet Again, A Variety of Things, Around Theatres* (the recent reissue of which, to the everlasting shame of the reading public, is to be found on current remainder lists), *The Happy Hypocrite* (which I first read in the Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Book of blessed memory), *Lytton Strachey* (the Rede Lecture in which Max set down in words deserving of the bronze tablets a new Emancipation

(*Continued on p. 15*)

Kansas

Though Revolt of Farmers May Cost the GOP Congressional Seats, Eisenhower Should Win

SAM M. JONES

In Kansas, heart of the farm belt, the Eisenhower tide has been receding for nearly three years; but the tide is not out. Nor is there any visible successor riding the wave of the future. Many farmers who voted for Ike in '52 declare they will never cast another Republican ballot. But their womenfolk are emphatically for the President. He ended the Korean War and in their opinion will keep the world at peace. And that is enough and more than enough to hold a high percentage of the feminine vote.

This is one of the recurring motifs in the extremely fluid pattern of political trends which I have followed for the past six weeks in an eight-thousand-mile drive through the South, Southwest, Mountain States and Middle West. Of the team of Peace and Prosperity, Peace unquestionably comes first in the popular mind. We are not at war. That suffices for millions of voters. Under Democratic President Truman we fought a bloody, futile war. Under Republican President Eisenhower, the slaughter was ended. And that admits of no argument.

Prosperity is more debatable, and has different aspects in different communities. In some areas it is a marginal figure; in many relatively unimportant places, it is a myth. This doesn't affect the grand total of our national opulence, so pleasingly revealed in comprehensive statistics. But the national picture is highlighted, with the result that practically no light at all is shed on the areas that are not receiving even a half-portion of the over-all economic blessings. In many cities jobs are not readily obtainable despite the stories of full employment. The latest saturation of the automobile market is being felt in dwindling car sales in almost every city. There are farmers in Kansas and Iowa and Nebraska who are glad to get outside work at a dollar an hour. These exceptions to the general prosperity are not conclusive enough to be called trends, but they are straws in the wind.

In recent primaries the comparatively light vote has been vaguely reminiscent of 1948, year of an upset. Another straw? Some of the ablest observers in the farm states are convinced that the "revolt" has not yet been accurately appraised, that it is not in fact appraisable at this time, but that it exists and has a tremendous hidden potential.

In Florida a farmer was recently thrown into jail because he refused to sign a crop-acreage report. The U.S. Department of Agriculture is cracking down on uncooperative individuals. Before this campaign summer is over any number of farmers in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota and the Dakotas, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and other states will be sued by the government for having exceeded their quotas of wheat. Many may be fined. Some may go to jail. And a good many of these miscreants will unquestionably be good Republicans!

Commenting on this situation in an editorial entitled, "Sign Up—or Else!," The Topeka *Daily Capital* said recently: "It makes no difference whether they [the farmers] want no part of the allotments, or want to handle their own business in their own way. Over the past quarter century the bureaucrats have been tightening their hold on the American people. Probably the farmers are being strangled out of freedom more than any other element in our society . . . Each succeeding farm program has more controls. . ."

The farmers are disenchanted with the soil-bank plan. Many of them suspect it will cause a cutback on top of a cutback in production. Most of them are disgusted by the farm-bill mess and impartial in laying the blame on Democrats and Republicans.

Many of the unhappy agriculturalists believe that the farmer is being victimized rather than subsidized and—to add insult to injury—depicted as a perennial malcontent, complaining while he wallows in the public trough. They point out that they are forced to buy the equipment of manufacturers who are subsidized by huge government contracts; that they are helping through high prices to subsidize the skyrocketing benefits of the labor unions, including paid vacations, hospitalization and pensions. And worst of all, in the opinion of these indignant farmers, is the free-handed way in which the government tosses billions of dollars to foreign nations while quibbling over aid to American food-producers to offset these privileges of industrial employers and workers.

This is an audience which a man with a plan would find very receptive. The plan might well embrace the elimination of all surpluses by any means—and the man could be Estes Kefauver, or Averell Harriman.

Former Governor Alf M. Landon told me in Topeka that while his state is still Republican the tide is going out. Eisenhower, he says, retains wide popularity, but economic conditions *and the weather* between now and November could upset the applecart even in this rock-ribbed Republican state. Alvin S. McCoy, correspondent for the *Kansas City Star*, and L. R. Kimmel, editor of the *Wichita Eagle*, agreed that the Democrats are gaining among farm voters, and that the extent of their inroads on the normal top-heavy GOP majority is at present unpredictable. Eisenhower carried Kansas in 1952 by 616,000 votes to 273,000 for Stevenson. But as Mr. McCoy recalled, Herbert Hoover carried the state by 320,000 votes in '28, only to lose it four years later by 75,000—a shift of 395,000 votes.

Governor Landon foresees victory for incumbent Republican Governor Fred Hall, but a possible loss of one or more GOP seats in the congressional delegation, which is at present entirely Republican. Like other experts, the Governor believes the President should be a heavy favorite to win Kansas in November; but he also believes that there is a farm revolt of unpredictable proportions; that the weather and October prices will be most important factors; and that what happens in Kansas in November may well be duplicated in a half dozen other critical states.

Spies: France Nets Some Small Fry

Ultra-secret decisions of the French Indochina High Command were known to the Communists within hours. And the highly-placed traitors are still at large

PHILIPPE RAGUENEAU

As this issue was about to go to press, France's "procès des fuites" *came to an end. Of the four defendants, two—whom our author calls "pallid and unimportant pawns"—were found guilty and sentenced to four and six years imprisonment. Although the trial engendered a maximum of heat, the dark shadow of politics effectively excluded all light down to the moment of the verdict.*

—THE EDITORS

In a warm Parisian summer dawn, the roar of the presses in a print shop on the rue Poissonnière drowned out the voices of the workmen stacking copies of *l'Observateur*. They little knew that they were handling dynamite.

Two hours later, news trucks delivered the weekly. This particular issue carried prominently, under the signature of Roger Stéphane, an article containing the essential facts from an ultra-secret report presented six days earlier by General Navarre to the National Defense Committee.

The notorious *affaire des fuites* ("the case of the leaks") had started.

At the trial which followed, General Navarre, Commander-in-Chief of French forces engaged in the Indochina War against the Vietminh, was to say: "My first reflex was to demand the opening of a judicial inquiry. But on further reflection it appeared to me that it was best to find out how *l'Observateur* got its information."

In any case, the Vietminh knew by now what to expect. To the French Cabinet, meeting in closed session, General Navarre had said: "I cannot defend Laos if the Communists choose to attack it." And it was in the direction of Laos that the Viets surged next.

On November 24, 1953, in the rostrum of the National Assembly, Emanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, "Progressive" (Communist-dominated) deputy of Ille-et-Vilaine, cited a secret telegram which dealt with the EDC and which was addressed by the French Ambassador in London to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Two days later *l'Observateur* drew from this the material for a sensational article. (The inquiry later disclosed that the text used by d'Astier de la Vigerie did not come from the Quai d'Orsay but, once again, from the National Defense Committee.) In the trial, examining Magistrate Duval was to find the *Observateur* article "more precise and more complete" than the remarks of the crypto-Communist deputy. In other words, *l'Observateur* did not get *all* its information from d'Astier.

The situation in Indochina continues to deteriorate. The bell has begun to toll at Dien-Bien-Phu. On May 7, 1954, the heroic garrison is overrun.

In Paris, the leaks continue. The decisions of the Committee in its May 14 and May 15 sessions find their way, in summary form, to the Communist Party.

On May 25, 1954, Generals Ely, Salan and Pélissier report to the Committee on their mission of inspection in Indochina. May 27, *l'Observateur* publishes a story ("the report of the generals") which is exact in every detail.

On May 29, *Express*—the Mendès-France weekly—runs a story which completes the information in the *Observateur* article.

On June 28, General Ely reports to the Committee again. The question under discussion: the dispatch to Indochina of *le contingent*, the French military service draftees heretofore exempt from service in Indochina. On July 8, *l'Observateur* writes: "Will the contingent leave July 21?" And what follows is a faithful recounting of the Committee meeting.

President Coty is enraged. The Committee room is searched with a fine-tooth comb. Police investigate the backgrounds of the typists and telephone girls. But on September 14 it is apparent to all that the Committee deliberations of September 10, despite all precautions, have again passed through closed doors.

Four-Way Dash

This time action must be taken. Public opinion is aroused. The nation is indignant.

Act? But since July 30, 1953, all of the competent police services have been in action—which is to say, too many. Since the case deals with leaks abroad of military secrets, discovered in Paris and attributed to "spies of a political organization," four police bodies are involved:

The Service of Exterior Documentation and Counterespionage (SDECE), since foreign contacts are involved;

Military Security, which is run by the Ministry of National Defense, because military secrets are involved;

Department for the Surveillance of the Territory (DST), headed by Monsieur Wybot and attached to the *Sûreté Nationale* (Ministry of the Interior), because the search is for a spy;

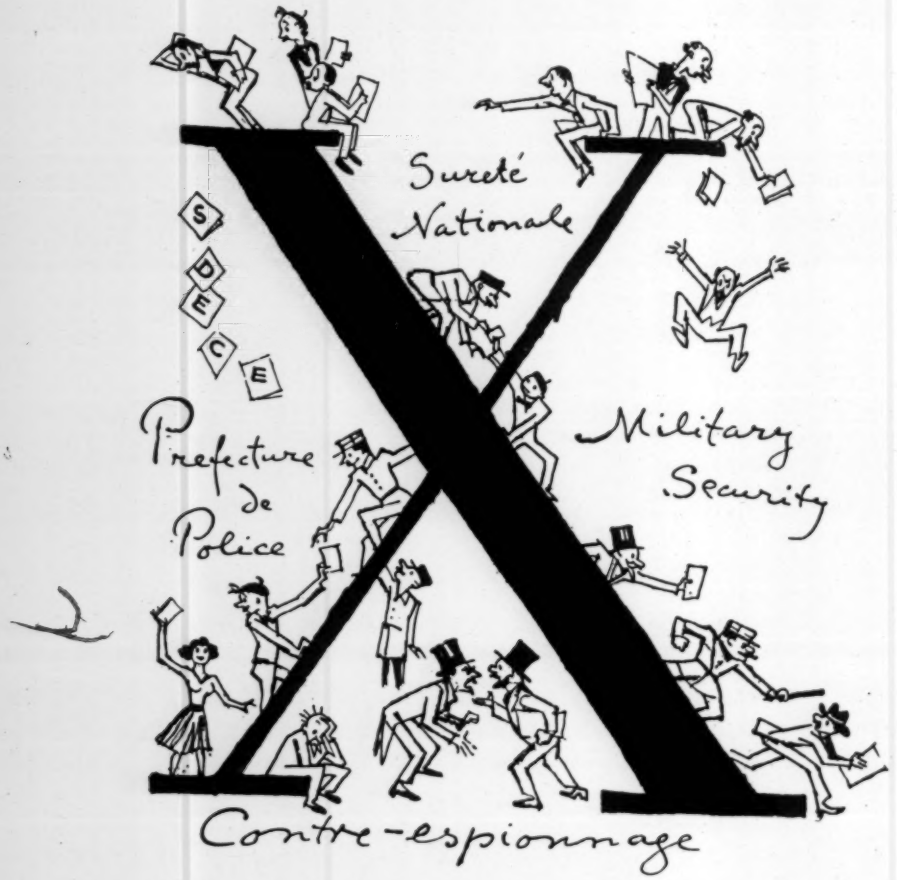
General Information Service, a unit of the Prefecture of Police, because a French political organization is on the suspect list.

Inevitably, this dispersion of authority results in interservice rivalries. Each group follows its own trail. Each hopes to wear the winner's laurels. And in the final dash each service will tread on another's heels. Which of them will furnish the papers with their first headline?

It will be M. Wybot's DST. On the morning of September 18, 1954, Police Superintendent Jean Dides leaves the

Ministry of Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs. He heads toward his car, parked on the rue de Lille. Suddenly, six inspectors surround him. "Follow us," they order.

Dides is astounded. "Whom do you think you are talking to?" he barks. An unfortunate gesture of someone—and a brawl develops. Dides, a judo champion, knocks two of his assailants to the ground. But from a nearby doorway, reinforcements surge. Overpowered, Dides resigns himself to follow his "kidnappers" (colleagues) to the headquarters of the DST on the rue des Saussaies. There, his briefcase is searched. In it is found the report of the deliberations of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, which contains a long discussion based on the National Defense Committee meeting of June 28.



The DST has triumphed, and Dides is furious. He has patiently built an anti-Communist net which operates —the DST knew this well—in liaison with the "rival" service organization, the Prefecture of Police. Dides thunders: "I was on the right track and you are trying to steal it from me!" He explains: The documents in question were given to him, the night before, by one of his agents, Baranès, a journalist on *Libération*—a Progressive daily run by d'Astier de la Vigerie.

Baranès tries to flee, is arrested and announces he will talk. What he says has the effect of a bombshell. "Jean-François Mons, Secretary General of the Committee of National Defense," Baranès tells the police, "takes notes at Committee meetings. He is the only man authorized to do so. His own Chief Clerk, René Turpin, then passes on the substance of the notes to another Committee employee, Roger Labrusse, a bona fide Communist who has converted Turpin to pacifism. Labrusse, who believes me to be a Communist, because I write for *Libération*, passes on these documents to me. I give some crumbs to the Communist Party, to cover myself, and the rest to Dides."

A formal inquiry into actions "endangering the external security of the state" is opened September 18, 1954, the evening of the day on which the DST seized Dides.

The public soon discovers that Martinaud-Deplat, a former Minister of the Interior, first learned of the "leaks" when he read a Baranès report which reached his desk through the Dides-Baylot channel. (Baylot was then Prefect of Police.) Martinaud-Deplat alerted the Premier—at that time it was Joseph Laniel—and early in June 1954 the investigation was turned over to M. Baylot.

But a few days later (June 12) Laniel falls. Pierre Mendès-France succeeds him. At the Interior Ministry, François Mitterand replaces Martinaud-Deplat. At the trial, Mitterand will complain bitterly that no one told him of the leaks. But once he finds out, his first action is to withdraw the dossier from Baylot and the Préfecture, and give it to Wybot and the DST.

Like nails in a row, one Premier follows another, one team of ministers another, one group of police another. We have seen how the DST, upon entering the game, had immediately "burned" the Dides-Préfecture network and taken over the Baranès contacts—to its own profit.

Two Million Words

After eighteen months of investigation, "l'affaire des fuites" reaches court. The trial opens March 7, 1956, before the Military Tribunal of Paris. The dossier contains 1,854 documents, 67 sworn statements, a two-million-word gusher—with as many contradictions.

Four defendants stand at the bar: Jean-François Mons, who will answer to charges of "grave negligence"; Turpin, Labrusse and Baranès, indicted for "endangering the external security of the state." (*L'Observateur* is to be tried separately before the criminal court which deals with the misdeeds of the press.) D'Astier de la Vigerie, whose parliamentary immunity has *not* been withdrawn, will be summoned as a witness.

From the first day of this trial, intended to throw light on the subject, dark shadows invade the court. No person agrees with any other, nor is there agreement on any single event or fact.

Mons? Wybot will say, "he is the Number One spy." But ten generals and Marshal Juin himself will come forward to testify that "Mons is above all suspicion."

Baranès, the newspaperman? For

Baylot and Dides, he is a "loyal informer." For Mitterand, former Minister of the Interior, he is a Communist Party agent, who duped Dides and "intoxicated" the Prefecture and the government with false clues. According to Wybot (DST), Baranès is even a triple agent, selling his information to the highest bidder. As for Baranès himself, he says: "I gave information neither to d'Astier, nor to the Communist Party. They had access to a complete dossier on the meetings of the Defense Committee without my help."

Only Labrusse and Turpin look like culprits. But they are pallid and unimportant pawns.

From March 13 on, the trial turns into a political free-for-all. The witnesses see to that. Martinaud-Deplat, Baylot and Dides uphold the theses of "Communist infiltration into the machinery of the nation." For Pierre Mendès-France, and his Minister, Mitterand, the case of the "leaks" is above all a "machination" against them on the part of their political enemies.

Reports Vanished

But all is not said—because it is soon apparent that certain documents in the dossier are "in eclipse." In September 1954, Baranès was under surveillance. But the report about this surveillance has vanished. (It will be rediscovered—much later.) Court President Niveau de Villedary finally exclaims, "We cannot pass judgment under these conditions. Certain pieces of information have been kept from us, and every day we discover others of which we had been ignorant!"

On May 3, 1956, the tribunal takes a heroic decision: "We will start again from scratch. Call back the witnesses."

That is where the case rests at this writing, with every question-mark still in place. Is the Turpin-Labrusse-Baranès-X net the only one? No, certainly not. Was it the most important espionage net? No, certainly not. Had it not been established that the information *l'Observateur* printed was better than that furnished by three of the defendants? And hadn't Communist Deputy Jacques Duclos boasted, "We knew more about it and we knew it earlier"?

Former Prime Minister Georges Bidault put his finger on the main issue. "One thing angers me," he told the court. "That is those who are absent."

The immense majority of the French people are of his opinion. They feel that the real culprits, those who organized the *Réseau des Seigneurs* (the network of the Lords) have not been brought to justice—only the pitiful Labrusse, Turpin and Baranès. That the police was able to ferret out an espionage net astonished no one. Without spies, after all, there would be no movies. And what country hasn't its own spies? After all, Fuchs, Pontecorvo, Burgess and Maclean, Otto John were not French.

The Real Culprits

What hasn't been brought to trial are those conditions which aid and abet treason in our simple-minded democracies. We should have found:

—*Guilty,* the administrative routine which insists on fourteen copies of all secret telegrams of the National Defense Ministry;

—*Guilty,* the organization which arrays one bureaucrat against another, and divides responsibility unwisely;

—*Guilty,* those work methods which tie a poorly paid bureaucrat to his desk fifteen hours a day and cavil at allowing him a telephone or a file cabinet;

—*Guilty,* finally and above all, a regime in which irresponsible teams of Ministers succeed each other every six or eight months.

In the best of circumstances, a secret is hard to guard. It becomes impossible to guard when the Minister of the moment (surrounded by groups of "good friends" from whom he will hide nothing because he owes them everything) takes in hand the affairs which an evicted predecessor makes no effort to explain and risks his future in the raging seas of a Parliament where 150 Communists occupy as many seats.

As M. Martinaud-Deplat cried out, pointing to the accused: "You have before you just a sample. The network of treason is complex in France, and that treason is the Communist Party and all those who group themselves around it—the bought, the idealists, and the misled intellectuals."

Max Beerbohm

(*Continued from* p. 11)

Proclamation, designed to free us, shortly after 1984, from the tyrannous worship of the Common Man), and the last collection, *Mainly on the Air* (of which, as time passes, people will surely say, "Those were their [the people's who run the B.B.C.] finest half-hours")—I can't conceive of any of them ever going long unread or ever being wholly forgotten.

Max's writings and drawings constitute a legacy of which he could be proud and for which we should be grateful. He was more, so much more, than most of his critics have given him credit for being. More—but why catalogue the tediously reiterated labels and clichés? Besides all the other things, Max was a man of great courage, great intelligence and great passion. He could resent injustice, deplore cruelty, expose falsehood, and abhor slavery as directly, as unflinchingly and as devastatingly as G. K. Chesterton in his flamingest wrath.

Max so loved the Beautiful that he could not abide the ugly lie. He so loved the Truth that he abominated the art and literature of our day which show us only the mean and sordid aspects of human life. He so loved the Good that he shunned the works and mouthings of those who think it clever and sophisticated to maintain out of the corners of their mouths that "this is the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil."

Ever since hearing the news of his death the other morning, the last magically halting words of "London Revisited"—as read by the author on the Angel recording—have been ringing in my ears: ". . . And now I'm just off to the country. I have arranged to be driven straight from Broadcasting House to Paddington. I shall *just* catch the train.—I wish you all a very happy New Year—somewhere in the country.—I hope I haven't advertised Paddington.—Ladies and Gentlemen, goodnight."

May Max find somewhere in the country from which none of us returns that which he never found in London—the London which Max could probably have never loved so much had he not loved living at Rapallo more.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Conservatives in Pursuit of Truth

A correspondent in the May 16 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, commenting upon Russell Kirk's article on John Stuart Mill and my rejoinder thereto, raises an issue of the most serious moment. My difference of opinion with Mr. Kirk on the place of the concept of liberty in political thought, he sees as representing a "fundamental — and irreconcilable — ideological division among those who call themselves conservatives."

That this issue is fundamental, I agree, but I do not think it is irreconcilable. There is no question but that in the ranks of those who are dedicated to the conservation and revitalization of the great tradition of the West, there exist diverse emphases upon different aspects of that tradition. More particularly, there is a very sharp division between those who emphasize continuity and authority and those who emphasize reason and the autonomy of the person, as the basis of their opposition to the prevailing relativism and value-nihilism, collectivism and statism. But these emphases are not irreconcilable, even if they are sometimes so one-sided as to lose sight of their mutual interdependence.

The one emphasis, traditionalist and authoritative, stressing the values expressed and maintained in the tradition of Western and Christian civilization, tends to regard economic and political forms as comparatively unimportant, and to underestimate a great insight of that tradition, that those values cannot be compelled, that they can only be freely chosen by each individual person. Or, to the degree that it does recognize the importance of freedom, it tends to assume that freedom will automatically prevail and that the economic and political forms necessary to safeguard it will spontaneously arise, if only the moral ends of human existence and the traditional prescriptions in which they are incorporated are maintained. Deeply aware that truth and good are the ends of man's existence, it too easily loses sight of the essential condition of man's pursuit of those ends: he cannot choose the good and the true unless he is free to choose, and that must mean as free to reject as to accept.

The Other Extreme

The other emphasis, individualist and libertarian, puts at the center of its consideration the prime *condition* of the search for truth: freedom. Concerned by the fearful threat to the pursuit of value that concentrated power constitutes, particularly under the circumstances of modern technology, it stresses the political and economic prerequisites of freedom. It insists upon the limitation of the state to its essential functions of defense, the preservation of order, and the administration of justice, and upon the untrammeled operation of a capitalist market economy, as the incommutable foundations of that freedom in an industrial society.

Concentrating upon the safeguards of freedom and the power of reason to arrive at any understanding of freedom, it sometimes tends to forget that reason is well-grounded only when it operates within tradition, that is, in the light of the accumulated wisdom of the generations; and, in its concern with the preservation of the freedom of the individual person, it can lose sight of the philosophical values which are at the same time the ends which freedom serves and the very foundation of that respect for the innate dignity of the individual person upon which the defense of freedom rests.

Although these two emphases in conservative thought can and do pull away from each other, and although there is serious danger of their so doing when the proponents of either forsake their common heritage of belief in immutable value as man's proper end, and his freedom under God as the condition of the achievement of his end, it is precisely because they mutually possess that very heritage that their division is not "irreconcilable." Extremists on one side may look with equanimity upon the recrudescence of an authoritarian status society if only it promulgates the doctrines in which they believe. Extremists on the other side may care not what becomes of ultimate values if only their political and economic individualism prevails. But both extremes are self-defeating: truth withers when freedom dies, however righteous the authority that kills it; and free individualism uninformed by moral value rots at its core and soon surrenders to tyranny.

A Confusion of Levels

Such extremes are not the necessary outcome of the principled pursuit of the truth. Discussion, dialectic, between different emphases based upon the same fundamental understanding, is the mode by which finite men have achieved much of the wisdom contained in tradition. Through it they can attain today a common position to which "the wise and the honest may repair" — if only the protagonists, in pressing that aspect of the truth which they regard as decisive, do not totally exclude from their consideration other and complementary aspects of the same truth.

The essence of the problem is, in my opinion, the confusion of the metaphysical with the moral-political levels. Thus, the aforementioned correspondent accuses me of being "in love with the 'freedom to choose,' not with the truth that that freedom may lead to." But the point is that the "truth" is a *metaphysical end* and "the freedom to choose" is, so far as human beings are concerned, the *moral-political condition* of achieving that end.

There is no more logic in the conclusion that a love of freedom implies a disbelief in, a lack of enthusiasm for, ultimate values, than there is in the Liberal canard that a belief in ultimate values makes impossible a belief in freedom. The reverse is the case: the belief in ultimate values and the belief in freedom are dependent one upon the other, integral aspects of the same understanding. The love of liberty and the love of truth are not the hostile standards of irreconcilable parties; rather they form together the twin sign of any viable conservatism.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The Unimportance of Being Alumni

Most student newspapers supported Princeton's invitation to Alger Hiss to speak, and most of them seized the opportunity to make animadversions of one kind or another on alumni—Princeton's alumni in particular (that body having been most offensive at the moment), but all alumni in general.

A few months ago Harvard alumni got a going-over after a few of them publicly protested the appointment of J. Robert Oppenheimer as William James lecturer. Practically every student paper championed the appointment—and went after its critics with zest. Some editorialists wrote with restrained indignation ("Don't alumni realize what education is all about?"); some with infinite patience ("if the alumni would *only* take a minute to think. . ."); some with stentorian wrath ("the alumni should keep their messy noses out of college affairs. . ."); and all of them with condescension. It is a fact that alumni are held in great disesteem by students, which is strange indeed considering that only flunking out, taking the academic veil, or dying, will rescue them from the inevitable fate of alumnihood.

That contempt, of course, is shared by—indeed it originates with—the faculty and administration. It is a highly undifferentiated contempt. It is not a contempt that zeroes in, exclusively, on those horrible bores, immortalized in *The Male Animal,* who pester the life out of their alma mater in pursuit of their ambition to make college life one long football game. It is, rather, a contempt that a community deadsure of its superiority in every respect feels for inferior folk who must, alas, be dealt with because, in our earthbound society, they perform a necessary function. They pay the bills. And they used to have the power (they still have it, potentially) to kick up a sizeable fuss.

A few years ago, I wrote a book suggesting that individual colleges should have corporate educational and moral ideals, and that those ideals should be fixed by the college's alumni. There was dismay. The academic world was shocked by the suggestion that anything so important as education should be touched by alumni.

The reaction I remember most distinctly was that of a very, very prominent educator, the late Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin. Dr. Coffin said to me—these were his exact words—"Why do you want to turn Yale education over to a bunch of boobs?" I told him that if Yale's alumni are boobs, he bore a considerable responsibility, having served as chairman of the educational policy committee of the Yale corporation for many years. And then, too, for many years Dr. Coffin was engaged, in his capacity as president of the Union Theological Seminary, in graduating a whole other set of boobs. Altogether a misspent career, one would think, under the circumstances.

The Alumni's Lot

That contempt for laymen (that is what it boils down to) communicates itself to students. The student's contempt for his elders is partly, of course, due to the heady independence of college life, and the hubris of youth. But mostly it is inhaled from the teachers.

Students have probably always tended to side with their professors as against their parents. For very early in their educational career, they are taught about the Philistinism of the great wide world, a world which, the student thinks, is fashioned by alumni and parents, not by professors. And siding with the professor used to be the exciting, daring alternative; for the professor is traditionally the underdog. When a college picked a fight with the alumni, the college usually lost. The alumni used to feel a certain responsibility in the world of education, and occasionally moved in to exercise it.

Those days are behind us, it seems to me. There is absolutely no adventure left in challenging alumni opinion. Colleges can get away with just about anything they want. Yet students have the capacity for generating the wonderfully satisfying impression that, in supporting the faculty against the alumni, they speak from embattled ramparts.

Somehow the impression went out, a few weeks ago, that the officers of the Whig-Cliosophic Society, with singular courage, exercised their rights in the teeth of an outraged and menacing mass. In fact, the faculty unanimously supported President Dodds' refusal to cancel the invitation to Hiss, the student body registered 88 per cent approval of the invitation—and the show went on, undisturbed. The single venture in nonconformity and genuine courage during the episode was that of a Catholic priest. He invited Willard Edwards to Princeton. He spoke out unflinchingly against President Dodds' decision and the faculty's approval of it. He has met with the most savage abuse. Alger Hiss—in his darkest hour—was never so alone.

Sullen, not Mutinous

So now the alumnus is the underdog. Modern notions about academic freedom have completely stripped him of power. Professor Henry Steele Commager's dictum that "the consumer has no rights in the educational marketplace" has pretty well taken over. However sorely a college provokes an alumni body, it is safe, these days, to predict that the college will have its way. Hiss *did go* to Princeton, Oppenheimer *will* go to Harvard, a thing called academic freedom *will* have triumphed, a few, a very few, alumni *will* write snotty letters to class agents next time they are solicited, but in a year or two they'll be back singing Take Me Back to Nassau Hall, and next time there won't be so many protests.

Herman Hickman used to say, when he coached football at Yale, "I believe in keeping the alumni sullen, but not mutinous." The colleges have gone way beyond that. Alumni bodies get pushed around far more than Herman Hickman's unsuccessful team ever did, only they never fight back any more. They are rapidly earning the contempt the students hold for them.

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Mencken: The Sage as Thinker

There is, in studying American arts and manners, no more revealing an object than H. L. Mencken. This gay scourge of his compatriots, angry at American idiocies to the point of explosive laughter, is himself a monument to the very same American feebleness he assailed.

He certainly would have no patience with those bores among his admirers who have reduced the iconoclast to an icon which they now worship with the ritualistic jealousy of primitives. That one loves Mencken (as I do) is not enough for these zealots. One has to swear by his immaculate righteousness. This, of course, I cannot do. And H. L. Mencken's posthumous *Minority Report* (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.95) will justify this refusal to anyone who can read.

Mencken had two conclusive complaints against *homo Americanus*: one, that he had neither the talent nor the desire to comprehend what went beyond immediate physical experience; two, that *homo Americanus* was not merely imbecilic but also vulgar enough to despise those subtler creatures who seek comprehension. And on both grounds *Minority Report* establishes H. L. Mencken as an arch-American.

There is throughout this book a spectacular (or, as Mencken would have said, "American") contempt for pure thought—for abstraction, for myth, for religion and, yes, for poetry. ("No rational man expects poetry to be true," asserts Mencken on Page 71; or, on page 22, "All poetry . . . says what is palpably not true.") And Mencken, in these personal memoranda to himself, does not say, "This is beyond me, I just don't get it." He swears, with exactly the same self-assurance that made Henry Ford denounce history as bunk (or Bryan denounce Darwin as an atheistic faker) that anything he, Mencken, can't get must *therefore* be "nonsense." (Which is what, on page 36, he somewhat summarily calls all the religions and the philosophy of Asia.)

Nor does he formulate such infantile crudities just to get a rise out of lazy readers. He *thinks* them to be the truth. For instance, he jots down, for his own illumination, that "it is impossible to avoid disgust in the presence of one who believes that he has an immortal soul." (Thus, it would have been impossible for Mencken to avoid disgust in the presence of Dante, Shakespeare, Mozart, Kant, Goethe and Beethoven.)

Consider H. L. Mencken's case against God, on page 38: "The Creator . . . is only too obviously a great deal less intelligent, not to say a great deal less decent, than the more honest and enlightened varieties of man. . . . Nor does he show any of the intellectual qualities that we associate with the superior sort of man. . . . a scientist so stupid would be classed with phrenologists . . ."

Now all this cannot, this time, be excused as a literary entertainer's studied provocation. *Minority Report,* I repeat, consists of Mencken's private memoranda to Mencken the Thinker. And the excruciating part of his "argument" against the Creator is, of course, not at all its atheism but its unspeakable primitiveness. Whenever Mencken talks about God (or religion, or pure thought, or anything that transcends his sensory experience) he sounds like a Voltaire for pueriles. Or, to transfer this observation into Mencken's frame of reference, he was like *homo Americanus* speaking of the nobler things of life.

Minority Report, I am sorry to concede, is the essence of Mencken as Thinker. "This is not a book," warns his Preface, "but a notebook. It is made up of selections chosen more or less at random from the memoranda of long years devoted to the pursuit, atomizing and embalming of ideas . . . notions as they come to me. . . . They are offered as notes merely, and not as anything else."

For once, indeed, Mencken is not kidding. Here he is engaged in a soliloquy, straight out of the French Revolution—or, rather, in a dialogue with the wretched Goddess of Reason. And it is almost physically painful to see an excellent man, a prince among men, make an ass of himself. There is hardly a discarded idiocy of the French Enlightenment, or the German *Freidenkerei* of Haeckel *et al.,* that Mencken would not pick up, gleefully, as fresh-discovered wisdom.

His incorrigible belief in Progress, for instance, makes him fume against "the learned fellows who try to prove that the ancient Greeks were more civilized than the modern Europeans" (which, of course, they were). "Even the stupidest man of today rejects as absurd ideas that were entertained seriously by Socrates"—which, unbelievably, proves to Mencken not only that Socrates must have been wrong but also that "progress is a continuous process, with a future as well as a past."

But then, he says it so beautifully, with such a lilt to his English, with so much manly elegance! Only that somewhere in the middle of *Minority Report* I caught myself forming a prejudice against lilt and elegance: Can they be genuine if they issue from such shallow thought?

But they *are* genuine. And the enigma is resolved by a recognition that comes toward the end of the book. Being an authentic monument to what Dr. Jung would call the American archetype, Mencken parades throughout *Minority Report* the true genius of his race, of *homo Americanus*—the shrewd profundity in matters of social organization and political government. "A government, at bottom, is nothing more than a gang of men, and as a practical matter most of them are inferior men." The man who wrote this is not only a good writer but a good man. "Government is actually the worst failure of civilized man." The writer who wrote this is wise. "The freedom of nations is of little human value. It is only the liberty of the individual that counts." The man who wrote this had an immortal soul.

He must be saved from the fate his idolators are preparing for him—the untidy fate of claiming profundity where he is palpably shallow, wisdom where he is foolish, greatness where he copies dwarfs. Within his limits, Mencken is magnificent and incomparable. Inflated beyond them, he bursts.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Tragic Victims

FREDA UTLEY

Rabbi Elmer Berger has written a book for which both Arabs and Jews should be grateful (*Who Knows Better Must Say So,* The Bookmailer, $2.00). The Arabs, justifiably resentful that their side of the argument is rarely heard in America, could not ask for a more objective presentation of their case against Israel and its American Zionist backers. Jews, on the other hand, should welcome Dr. Berger's refutation of the anti-Semitic myth that people of their faith are *ipso facto* bad Americans, who owe allegiance to a foreign state and so constitute a menace analogous to that which we all recognize in the Communists. And, since today's headlines make it increasingly obvious that we shall reap the whirlwind unless the dangerous and difficult problem of Israel and her Arab neighbors is "taken out of politics," the author of this courageous and enlightening book has also performed a valuable service to the United States.

Dr. Berger, Executive Vice-President of the American Council for Judaism, thinks and writes as an American who believes that "if Jews acted like other people" their religion would be no impediment to their becoming fully-integrated citizens. He boldly takes issue with the Zionists, who he says teach that Jews "can be secure only in Israel," and claim to be "wiser and more practical than we with our faith in Western liberalism and individual rights." With cogent logic he shows the great gulf that divides Judaism, a religious faith, from Israel-Zionism, which he describes as a national, political and secular movement "which seeks to involve Jews living in the West in a philosophy foreign to the countries of their citizenship." He indicts the "Messianic pretensions" of the Zionists toward all Jews, and exposes the basic contradiction between their secularism and their appeal to Jews everywhere in the world "to sustain Israel as a part of their religion."

After seeing the use made by the state of Israel of the huge sums donated by non-Zionist American and other Jews, on the mistaken assumption that they are merely being charitable to co-religionists, Rabbi Berger warns them that they are making themselves accessories to the "unethical practices" of the Israeli state. Moreover, the average non-Zionist American Jew who provides "the financial and political sinews which the Israelis interpret as a mark of superiority," shares responsibility for the ". . . arrogance, the truculence, and the general atmosphere of the conqueror which provides the *basic* cause of suspicion and bitterness out in the Middle East."

"The tragic victims of all this," Dr. Berger concludes, "are the Arab refugees and the man in the street in Israel . . . we may see these unhappy people again the objects of suffering and homelessness. . . . Another victim will be the American Jew . . . it will be mighty difficult for one of the partners [of Israel] to be free from guilt on the grounds that he did not know how the business was being run."

Dr. Berger found no anti-Semitism in Egypt, or Syria, Jordan, Lebanon or Iraq, but a universal distrust and fear of Israel—even among the Jewish communities in these Arab states. He describes the United Jewish Appeal campaign to "save" the Jews of North Africa as "one of the most cynical programs in the world today." Funds raised for this purpose, he writes, are used to strengthen the Israeli army, erect fine office buildings for Israeli bureaucrats (the immigrants live in tents), and "to pay for propaganda running down the Arabs and glorifying Israel," where Jewish children are taught that the Arabs are an "inferior race." Some Jews in the Middle East are lured to Israel by glowing promises and free transportation. Thereafter they can leave the Promised Land, if they do not like it, only if they can pay back the cost of bringing them there. Comments Rabbi Berger: that which "is charity going in . . . becomes national business going out."

Rabbi Berger concludes, like Alfred Lilienthal before him in *What Price Israel?*, that fear among Moslems, Christians and Jews in the countries of the Middle East, not of Israel as a state but of Zionism as "a complex of Jews all over the world" (in particular in America), seeking to impose "colonial rule," is the basic cause of the critically dangerous situation Moscow is now exploiting to the advantage of Communist imperialism.

So far Rabbi Berger's important book has received the silent treatment in the publications which make or break books. I sincerely hope something will happen to rescue it from undeserved oblivion.

The Great Debauch

The Truman Scandals, by Jules Abels. 329 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company. $3.75

Harry S. Truman's predecessor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, deprived him of distinction in history as this country's worst President. Nevertheless Truman himself is condemned by his record to everlasting infamy. His concessions to Stalin at Potsdam, his resistance of efforts to exterminate the Soviet fifth column in Washington, his service to the Communist cause in China and Korea, were contributions to human slavery which would have shocked the Doughface

Presidents in the dark days before the Civil War.

But this book is not concerned with Truman's enormities in respect to Communism. It purports to be and unquestionably is "the record of the most corrupt Administration in American history." Compared with the moral degeneracy of the Truman regime, the scandals of the Grant and Harding Administrations are reduced to the semblance of quaint and venal peccadilloes. As Mr. Abels relates, Grant, upon learning of the whiskey ring frauds in his Administration, commanded: "Let no guilty man escape." Harding died of a psychosomatic stroke, induced by worry about the Teapot Dome scandal. But Truman was morally insensible in the face of unprecedented corruption. He denounced a fellow Democrat, Senator Fulbright, as "an overeducated s. o. b." for saying: "It is bad enough for us to have corruption in our midst, but it is worse if it is to be condoned and accepted as inevitable."

Mr. Abels, a lawyer and economist, has compiled and documented the record of the Truman scandals in a dispassionate but highly readable volume. Superficial details of the great debauch may be vaguely familiar to newspaper readers, but the cumulative effect of this book is appalling. It is the record of a national plunderbund; of fixers, lobbyists, five percenters and influence-peddlers, in and out of the White House; of bribery and graft in the dispensation of RFC loans; of FHA housing millionaires, enriched by tax "windfalls"; of wholesale corruption in the internal revenue service; of election stealing by the Pendergast machine, Truman's political sponsor; of persistent inaction by Truman's Justice Department against these and other crimes.

So many convicts received executive clemency from Truman that Senator Kem, a Missouri Republican, was inspired to remark: "The password of the White House seems to be, 'Pardon me, Mr. President.'"

The book would be less vulnerable to the charge of partisan bias if the author had mentioned that Dwight D. Eisenhower was one of the beneficiaries of special tax rulings by George Schoeneman, a Truman revenue commissioner whose administration was notorious for frauds. On the ground that he was "not in any sense a professional writer," Eisenhower was permitted to hold the manuscript of his book *Crusade in Europe* for six months, sell it as a "capital asset" for $635,000, and pay a long-term capital gains tax of $158,750 on it. Since the income tax would have been about $520,000 on the sale, Eisenhower saved about $361,250. One wonders whether the winner of a million dollars on the Irish sweepstakes, in no sense a professional gambler, would be accorded this special privilege.

CHESLY MANLY

Progress to Orthodoxy

Surprised by Joy: the Shape of My Early Life, by C. S. Lewis. 238 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $3.50

Professor Lewis, who has done almost as much to restore attachment to religious principle in our time as Chateaubriand did a century and a half ago through his *Genius of Christianity*, gives us now a little autobiographical volume that would make scarcely more than a chapter in Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*. But its explicit description of the process by which Lewis returned to Christianity excels anything of the kind in Chateaubriand's long shelf of exceedingly personal works.

Joy, as described by Dr. Lewis, is a sudden stab of intense consciousness, very different from mere pleasure. And there is something better than joy—as much better than joy as joy is better than pleasure: Christian faith. Joy comes to Lewis as often and as sharply since his conversion as it did before. "But I now know that the experience, considered as a state of my own mind, had never the kind of importance I once gave it. It was valuable only as a pointer to something other and outer."

Much of Lewis' early life was anything but joyous—certainly the greater part of his school days, for he gives a description of boarding-schools as forbidding and dismaying as Sir Osbert Sitwell's account of his schools. (Mr. Lewis' father, incidentally, was nearly as much of a character as Sir George Sitwell.) And he found no joy in the meaningless pursuit of sex. The smug and sterile "rationalistic" climate of opinion which prevailed among his early associates was least joyous of all. An understanding of Joy—though, for a time, with his fellows, he called it "aesthetic experience"—seems to have been what saved him from becoming as one with them. "Looking back on my life now, I am astonished that I did not progress into the opposite orthodoxy—did not become a Leftist, Atheist, satiric Intellectual of the type we all know so well."

But he was won, very early in life, to "the Northerness"—the wonder of Norse mythology; and then, by an illative process, to Christianity. George MacDonald and G. K. Chesterton had much to do with his progress. "In reading Chesterton, as in reading MacDonald, I did not know what I was letting myself in for. A young man who wishes to remain a sound Atheist can not be too careful of his reading. There are traps everywhere—'Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,' as Herbert says, 'fine nets and stratagems.' God is, if I may say it, very unscrupulous."

As the preceding passage will suggest, *Surprised by Joy* abounds in those witty and most perceptive commentaries upon personality and society with which Mr. Lewis has been bombarding Screwtape, Screwtape's uncle, and the rationalists, leftists and positivists for some decades. Take this, on the "Bloods" who dominated his school—an oligarchy of aspiring talents:

> According to some theorists, therefore, it ought to have been entirely free from bourgeois vulgarities and iniquities. Yet I have never seen a community so competitive, so full of snobbery and flunkey-ism, a ruling class so selfish and so class-conscious, or a proletariat so fawning, so lacking in all solidarity and sense of corporate honor. But perhaps one hardly needs to cite experience for a truth so obvious *a priori*. As Aristotle remarked, men do not become dictators in order to keep warm. If a ruling class has some other source of strength, why need it bother about money? Most of what it wants will be pressed upon it by emulous flatterers; the rest can be taken by force.

Real Joy, which is apprehended by the higher imagination, "must have the stab, the pang, the inconsolable longing." Again and again, Mr. Lewis communicates to us, in this little

book, that stab, that pang, that longing. Words, as J. F. Stephen says, are tools that break in the hand; but Mr. Lewis uses those fragile tools as well as anyone in our generation.

RUSSELL KIRK

No Honor to Fury

Thoreau of Walden: The Man and His Eventful Life, by Henry Beetle Hough. 275 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $4.00

Most biographies of writers are written by good, gentle, bookish fellows who have a solid understanding of their hero's words and metaphors, but little or no spontaneous interest in the persons, places, or things that moved him to write in the first place.

Here, however, is a biography of Thoreau by a man who loves the earth as much as Thoreau did, and with some of his same nonconformity of soul. Mr. Hough knows, for instance, that *Walden* is not just the picturesque nature study it passes for today; that it speaks with a candor that mere Works of Literature rarely venture; and that its author is not an amiable, ambling fool, but a passionate, annunciating angel, as full of fury, extremity and uncompromising truth as a visionary man can be.

Thoreau's neighbors knew this too. In his own lifetime, he was regarded as a tiresome, egotistical misfit by almost everyone who knew him. He never married, never encouraged many friends, never joined anything, except, in his own qualified way, the human race. People in Concord thought he was a surly idler, and when he died after a brief illness at 45, the town did not miss him.

Today, of course, we know that the surest way to get rid of a true pest is to domesticate him. So today everybody loves Thoreau. Histories of American literature pat him affectionately on the head. Nice suburban ladies will have a limited edition of *Walden*. There, safe in buckram, he stands, representing Nature, Simplicity, Freedom, Naturalness, Birds, Flowers, Wind, Rain, Walking—any number of agreeable things. Everything uncomfortable in his vision has been set aside, or explained away. He was, we are told, "the genius of Concord," and so on.

As James Agee once said, "the deadliest blow the enemy of the human soul can strike is to do fury honor." Right; and we have only to turn to James Russell Lowell to see how far we have come. For he described Thoreau as "a man with so high a conceit of himself that he accepted without questioning, and insisted on our accepting, his defects and weaknesses of character as virtues and powers peculiar to himself."

Lowell may sound like a prig (which he was), but at least he was honest. At least he didn't pretend Thoreau was just a dear, old, picturesque crank, rummaging around the woods. At least he admitted Thoreau was intractable. For, as anyone who opens *Walden* will know, he *is*. You may agree with him, or disagree. But Thoreau means what he says. His anarchism is absolute and in earnest.

It is good for us to be reminded of this, now that it is fashionable to keep a dangerously honest man in hand by shaving his armpits, sprinkling him with pine lotion, and keeping him around the house. We do not burn books this season. We "understand" their authors' "defects of personality." And it is the uncommon virtue of Mr. Hough's biography that he presents Thoreau as Thoreau presented himself, without depilation or deodorants.

ROGER BECKET

Brief Mention

H. M. S. Ulysses, by Alistair MacLean. 316 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $3.95

This is a first novel by a writer of extraordinary ability. The naval operations of the recent war have been the subject of many novels. Almost all of these give us satisfactory descriptions of physical realities (although I have seen nothing that equals Mr. MacLean's vivid portrayal of naval service in the frozen silence of Arctic seas), but fail to present characters who are both credible and worthy of interest. Their authors seem to assume that the dehumanizing effects of modern impersonal warfare are best depicted by filling their pages with assorted specimens of the mass man, whose impersonal vulgarity is really the result of antecedent and radically different causes. Mr. MacLean has chosen to show us both the grim realities of war and men who are staunchly human. He has, furthermore, a mastery of English that his predecessors have either not possessed or thought it modern to conceal. His account of the light cruiser *Ulysses* and the men who commanded her is therefore more than a moving story; it is an experience that the reader will never forget.

R. P. O.

Leap Through the Curtain, by Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, as told to George Mikes. 223 pp., 7 plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.50

Devotees of the ballet will read with intense interest, and other readers will mildly enjoy, this joint autobiography of two Hungarian dancers who escaped to the West although their preeminence in their art had won for them a high degree of comfort and far more security than even the most prominent political leaders can now attain in the countries which the late Mr. Roosevelt delivered to the late Mr. Stalin. It is significant that their decision was not in any way influenced by the expensive propaganda of which our State Department is so proud. Since a repeated error can scarcely be typographical, I feel it my duty to inform the publisher that a cast and a caste are two quite different things.

R. P. O.

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To the Editor

Mr. Lamont Corrects

I reply to Medford Evans' amusing review of my latest book, *Freedom Is as Freedom Does* [May 2] only to correct two important factual errors.

To begin with, I have never, as Mr. Evans claims, accepted the philosophy of Dialectical Materialism. Instead, for the past twenty-five years I have supported the philosophic viewpoint known as Naturalistic Humanism and have written a whole book on the subject entitled *Humanism as a Philosophy*. . . . What I reject especially in Dialectical Materialism . . . is its deterministic interpretation of events. . . .

Mr. Evans criticizes me for not including in my anthology of poetry, *Man Answers Death*, Rupert Brooke's poem, "The Soldier." I left this out of the first edition (1936) because I felt it had become somewhat hackneyed, but put it in the second edition (1952) because I became convinced that, after all, it was one of the finest of poems on death.

New York City CORLISS LAMONT

Mr. Evans Replies

I know about *Humanism as a Philosophy*. It says: "Dialectical Materialism, while having its own shortcomings, is the most influential variety of Materialism . . . because of its consistency and inclusiveness. . . ." (p. 56) "Marx and Engels . . . were wise enough to combine what was valuable in Hegelianism with what was true in the existing materialist tradition. . . . The dynamic Materialism of the Marxists is . . . a form of naturalistic Humanism." (pp. 172-3)

That is why I said that Mr. Lamont "accepts dialectical materialism." I am happy if he rejects it. I was influenced by his attributing to it "consistency and inclusiveness," by his calling Marx and Engels "wise enough" to combine the "valuable" with the "true," and especially by his classifying dialectical materialism as "a form of naturalistic Humanism," his own philosophy. . . .

While he explicitly rejects determinism, he makes a case out that perhaps Marx did too. The word "inevitable" in the "Communist Manifesto," says Mr. Lamont (*Humanism as a Philosophy*, p. 210), may be used "in a metaphorical or hortatory sense." Mr. Lamont himself is, of course, exhorting a different group.

I am also happy to learn that Mr. Lamont put Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" in the 1952 edition of his anthology. I should never have guessed that he omitted it from the 1936 edition on the ground that "it had become somewhat hackneyed," for he included in that edition "O Captain! My Captain!", "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," and "Thanatopsis." "The Soldier" is patriotic. I just wish that Mr. Lamont had gone ahead and used it *before* the "Great Patriotic War" between Hitler and the Soviet Union made patriotism acceptable to Communists.

By the way, in my review, following my suggestion that Lamont might be suffering from a political Oedipus complex, I intended to *mis*quote the Latin. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, which is correct, is what was printed. My (pedantic?) garble would read, *Dulce et decorum est patriam mori*, where the accusative of "fatherland" becomes the subject of the infinitive "to die."

Natchitoches, La. MEDFORD EVANS

Hiss at Princeton

I wonder if your contributor M.M.G. [May 16], who foresaw the type of mind that invited Hiss to Princeton next thinking up "a movement called 'Future Brainwashees of Communist Slave Labor Camps,'" fully realized how precisely he hit the nail on the head. . . .

I have just returned to the U.S. after two years in Asia, studying the war for men's minds. . . . In my new book, *Brainwashing*, I tell the pattern to preserve a brain against these totalitarian atrocities. . . . I have probably talked with a bigger cross-section of brainwashed individuals, of various nationalities and races, than anyone else. On the basis of what they told me and my research generally, I can say that no man can be broken until he is first softened up. I can also point out, not with any desire to be harsh on those young men and their faculty leaders who permitted Hiss to make his glamorful appearance at Princeton, the following basic fact:

The men and women who have broken under brainwashing pressures, and who created great and unnecessary suffering for their buddies, country and themselves, were in a pathetic number of cases softened up for their crack-up by just the state of mind exhibited in the Princeton episode.

This is a matter our schools, colleges and universities should consider of critical importance, so that they no longer are manipulated into a position of weakening minds, for all their pretentious buildings and super-duper equipment. This is a matter, too, for home and church to study and act upon.

Port Washington, N.Y. EDWARD HUNTER

England's treatment of Benedict Arnold provides striking contrast to the warm reception of Alger Hiss by the Princeton Whig-Cliosophic Society. Judge Samuel Curwen (an American Tory who had fled to England during the Revolution) saw the following during a visit he made to the House of Commons on March 20, 1782, as reported in his *Journal and Letters*:

> On this occasion Lord Surrey happened to espy Arnold, the American seceding general, in the house, sent him a message to depart, threatening, in case of refusal, to move for breaking up the gallery; to which the general answered, that he was introduced there by a member; to which Lord Surrey replied, he might under that condition stay, *if he would promise never to enter it again*, with which General Arnold complied. This is the second instance of public disrespect he has met with: the king having been forced to engage his royal word not to employ or pension him; a just reward for treachery, which is ever odious.

San Francisco, Cal. PARK CHAMBERLAIN

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